

## TO MAKE WOMAN REALLY FREE

## THAT'S THE PURPOSE OF THE NEW HAREM SKIRT.

Paris, Feb. 15. For some weeks an idea of mystery has enveloped the private life of the leading dressmakers. They suddenly held some secret which the world was not to know until the appointed time. The world in these days is of an impatient temperament and refuses to



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ENGLISH VERSIONS OF THE JUPE CULOTTE.

Designs by Viola.

parent, the ordinary skirt but if it proves a success the proportion of jupe will shrink before the encroachment of the



Photo by Henri Manguel. CREATION: MUSEUM FASHIONS. TAILOR MADE CLOTHING IN BROWN, STRIPED MATERIAL, CLOTHING WITH LACE ORNAMENTED WITH TROUSERS, STRAIGHT SKIRT GIVING THE APPEARANCE OF THE ORDINARY SKIRT IN REPOSE AND OF THE TROUSER SKIRT WHEN WALKING.

culotte until but the authorities refuse to prophesy further.

One of Paris's most noted dressmakers says of the new departure:

"In France fashion's creations are welcomed by appreciations sometimes witty, sometimes violent and often unjust. The writers of music hall reviews and the composers of songs sharpen their pens. They do not wait until the new models have gone forth, and this has been the case with the jupe-culotte before they pour out upon them a flood of easy pleasures."

"At my establishment such polemics are never allowed to interfere with starting of a new fashion. But foreign newspapers seize upon these sarcasms and offer them to their readers, often distorting or exaggerating them."

"For many years now the Americans especially have been working zealously to win over the wealthy customers of Paris dressmakers by proving to them that they will find in America specialists just as clever and far more reasonable in price. The journals which are conducting this campaign most keenly find their greatest support in our own criticisms, bantering or aggressive."

"At a meeting of the Syndicate of the Dress Trade Muse, Paquin read articles from several foreign journals which represented French dressmakers as yielding to the worst extravagances in their creations. The French should accord for more confidence to their dressmakers who make every effort to hold the front rank, and should not overbelieve them with criticisms, even if at times make mistakes."

This same authority, M. Paul Poiret, is convinced that the jupe-culotte will win over those most prejudiced against it when they see its charming discretion.

LONDON, Feb. 15.—When M. Poiret, the dictator of fashions in Paris, mentioned casually one day that he had something new in the way of skirts which he was going to launch in the early spring and then immediately proceeded to describe his latest invention, the harem skirt, he never dreamed that his thunder would be stolen almost as soon as the first clap was heard. But it was stolen, and now though M. Poiret's own models of the new skirt have not yet appeared dozens of dressmakers in Paris have exhibited harem skirts, while in London they are to be seen in the showrooms of many fashionable dressmakers as well as at some of the large department stores.

One trembles to think what the London woman may do with the harem skirt. She went so far in her zeal for the harem skirt that she outdid the Paris woman. Never in the first palmy days of the harem skirt fever did French women wear such extremes of the style as their English sisters. And already such English models of the harem skirt as are on view outside the French ones.

In the first place, French femininity does not mean to appear in harem costume except in the evening, but London has examples of street gowns with wide trousers like bathing suit knickerbockers or trousers tied in at the ankles showing beneath the narrow skirt.

All the real inventors of the new idea meant to offer his patrons was a slight



Photo by Le Matin.

THE TROUSERS SKIRT.

variation on the hobble skirt, merely a fatter skirt with the feeters unlooked and a Turkish trouser effect visible where the skirt separated above the ankle. But he no longer finds himself responsible for the widest garment offered to women since the hobble skirt vanished.

Whether the harem skirt will have any vogue when it really begins to be worn remains to be seen. Had M. Poiret's creations appeared first in their dainty suggestiveness of the Turkish woman's costume, possibly the new style might have lasted for a time.

Miss Mary Johnston recently spoke in favor of woman suffrage before a conference of Baptist ministers in the First Baptist Church of Richmond, Va. Mrs. B. D. Valentine also made a short address on the same occasion, calling attention to the great tabernacular work done by women as an evidence of their ability to vote intelligently.

Women cooking teachers with a full equipment of the latest and best cooking implements are being sent from village to village by the Government of the Duchy of Sax-Meiningen for the purpose of teaching German girls new methods and new dishes. The girls are said to be willing to learn how to make the new dishes but also to eat them, but their parents often refuse even to taste any new dish.

Mrs. Fessie Sain, who not long ago celebrated her ninetieth birthday, registered at the Kansas Capital as a lobbyist for woman suffrage. Mrs. Sain was too feeble when the time arrived to go to Leavenworth, so she carried on her lobbying by means of the telephone, calling up members of the Legislature from her home in Topeka and urging them to vote for equal suffrage.

Mrs. Samuel J. Broadwell, chairman of the New York executive committee of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, is a niece of Mrs. T. C. Thompson, the founder of the Union Missionary Society, the first missionary society formed by women in America. The Union Missionary Society was organized in 1859 by Mrs. Thompson in the parlors of her New York home. There are now more than 57,000 women's missionary societies in America and Canada and last year they raised more than three millions of dollars for the betterment of women and children in heathen lands. The jubilee celebrating its fiftieth year will be celebrated in New York city during the last four days of March. Among the New York women who are doing active work to make the celebration a success are Miss Grace Dodge, the widow of Bishop Fowler, the wife of Bishop Neely, Mrs. Helen Gould, Mrs. Russell Sage, Mrs. C. F. Hoffman, Mrs. E. E. O'Leary and Mrs. H. O. Armour.

Mrs. Henry Schliemann has given her country home with its grounds as a school and home for blind children, most of whom she found begging in the streets of Athens and other parts of Greece. Mrs. Schliemann established the first blind asylum in Greece, after which she founded the first sanatorium for tubercular patients in her country. Mrs. Schliemann is a daughter of Mrs. Catherine Lascaris, who fought for years by lecturing and in her writings to have the Froebel system established in the public schools of Greece. She started a kindergarten in the Piræus and a seminary for kindergarten teachers in Athens. In this seminary, which is a palatial building in one of the best localities in Athens, young girls from Greece, for any part of the Orient where Greek is spoken, can receive training as a kindergarten.

Miss Jeannette Rankin of Missoula, secretary of the Political Equality Club of that city, was among those who delivered addresses in favor of votes for women before the Legislature of Montana the other day. Miss Rankin is a graduate of the New York School of Philanthropy and was for several years a settlement worker on the lower East Side in New York. Besides Miss Rankin several men spoke in favor of the measure.

Miss Grace Dodge presided at the annual meeting of the Travellers Aid, which was held a few days ago in the parlors of her New York home. This society was founded about four years ago by Miss Dodge, who is still the leading spirit in the organization. The reports showed that more than 21,000 women and girls have been assisted since the society began work. It is now planned to enlarge the work of the society by forming branches in all the larger cities of the world so that girls may go from one place to another and still always remain under the care of friends. After the new plan of organization was effected the new officers were elected. John Wamanager was elected president, to succeed Miss Dodge. The vice-presidents are Mrs. E. C. Harris, the Rev. Dr. Francis Brown and the Rev. Samuel Schulman. Mrs. E. C. Harris was chosen recording secretary.

THE SILENCE.

Soundless Periods in the City That Come Along Occasionally.

"I like the snow silence," said Mr. Gosington, "the stillness that falls on the city when snow comes."

"As the pavement begins to be covered with snow the sound of the horses' iron shoe feet is deadened and gradually a change comes over the world, and then as you see horses go by, moving with a stilted stiffness, you realize it is the silence of the snow."

"And then you have days of this, days of the silence, and then comes a day when from some spot where the snow has worn away you hear again the sharp ring of an iron shoe foot, and by another day the sounds of the town have come back, and then once more you hear the familiar clatter, clatter, clatter of hoofs in the busy street."

In the few state things seem distant, far, strange. In this they seem near, friendly; they have come back, and the returning ring of the hoof on the pavement is a sound I like to hear; but still I do fancy, as we have them now and then, those periods of the silence of the snow."

Women as Doctors.

From the London Globe.

Women as doctors is not a Parisian novelty, observes a reporter of modern France. It seems that in the eighteenth century there was a lady student at Florence. She came from Malta under the patronage of the Knights of Malta. The administrator of the Mater Hospital was somewhat embarrassed with his task, but he found a means out of the difficulty.

The chief of the Order of the Knights of Malta in introducing his lady protégée to the professors of the famous School of Medicine at Florence, said that the matter could be arranged without any great inconvenience if his young lady were boarded during the period she was studying at the medical school with the boys in a neighboring convent. He then gave the lady the instruction she should assist in operations at the school. This, he said, should not be present in classes with young men. The countess of the hospital, being well acquainted with the Knights of Malta, was not at all surprised at this suggestion. More than a century before another lady was enrolled in the school of medicine at Florence. She was a Venetian and was admitted to the schools of Santa Maria Nuova.

## WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

Mrs. Robert Morris, who was recently nominated for Mayor of Lancaster, Washington State, on a citizens' ticket, has refused the nomination. Mrs. Morris declares that though she is an advocate of equal suffrage she is not a politician.

Mrs. Frances E. Dutton, instructor of pedagogy in the music department of the Normal College, will be one of the members of the summer faculty of the New York University. Miss Dutton's subject for the summer course will be "Methods."

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## NEW FURNITURE FABRICS.

## MORE CHANCE NOW FOR FOLKS OF MODERATE MEANS.

Their Needs Looked After by Upholsterers Variety in the Inexpensive Weaves Art Colors One Feature of the New Goods—Modish Effects Easy to Get.

A woman who is furnishing a recently built small house told a friend that it was now the easiest thing in the world to get furniture covering of the style, the color and the grade preferred.

"In the store where I placed my order," said she, "there were hundreds of varieties of upholstery goods from which to select, representing almost every grade of price. As a result I think I will have a very artistic house at relatively small cost."

At the store where she shopped a man who has been handling upholstery goods for thirty years said that manufacturers and retailers now paid special attention to the designing of moderate priced fabrics for the reason that the demand for them was far ahead of the demand for the cheapest or the costliest. As an illustration he showed jutes, cotton reps, mercerized reps and cotton tapestries, all of which he said are in great demand at this time of year, which included designs and colors as good as those in high priced goods.

Cotton tapestries, for instance, used extensively for bedrooms and plain living rooms may be had in nearly any shade of art green, in champagne color, old Venetian red, old rose, cerise or brown, both self-toned and two-toned. One design in jaspé effects showed small French wreaths of old rose on a cerise ground. One of the newest patterns had five inch long, very narrow bars of champagne or cream color on a green, red or rose background.

Some of the jutes look like and feel like Oriental fabrics and they cost only from \$1 to \$2 a yard and are fifty inches wide. The ground color in the most beautiful is champagne, patterned with inch and a half stripes in a tiny flower design done in Persian colors. Between these stripes which are five inches apart, are small oblongs of Persian colors. Other designs in oval have stripes, wreaths or oblongs of beautifully blended colors on a smoke color, a gray or a cream ground. Some charming French wicker designs are self-toned.

The mercerized cotton rep, which like the others is stout, strong and a good weaver and has a silklike finish, is shown in three wales, the widest nearly a quarter of an inch, and the greens and reds and cerise are the most effective.

New basket weaves and colors distinguish the arras cloths, classed also among the inexpensive upholstery fabrics and more popular perhaps than any for use in dens and studies in town and in foyers and living rooms out of town.

Going up the scale, the expert said that woolen rep in plain colors was one of the best wearing and for the time being best liked fabrics for upholstering foyers and living rooms both in and out of New York, the paler greens and yellow cerise being popular shades.

Plain colors are the rule for library sitting room and parlor, tapestry colors and effects being reserved for drawing rooms and the costlier grades of goods, that is if purchasers want to follow the trend of fashion and the most artistic weaves.

Moquette plush is the technical name for what looks like a cross between plush velvet and dull satin, and this is a favorite for parlors and living rooms and is suitable also for libraries because of its soft qualities. This is of plain colors, very dull green perhaps the favorite.

Silk velvets with a fine rib in it and a triple more sheen than the moquette plush and also of heavier weight and more durable and even so there is a mixture of linen in its composition, which has a dull satin finish are alternatives to the moquette plush, costing about the same. These come both in plain and figured, the latter self-toned and representing French Italian and Adam designs in figured effect.

Scotch velvet of velvety velvets, the retailer said that the plain velvets in both lightweight cotton velvets and in heavier, more expensive grades have a greater vogue than ever, but that figured and brocade velvets were for the time being out of vogue.

"Even in the evening," said he, "the demand for lightweight cotton velvet, which costs little and wears well, is wear is steady, and the different shades of brown and rose and magenta are the best liked."

For chairs and couches with removable cushions for cushions in window seats and in niches of stairways and easy chairs, they are particularly in demand. These fade more easily than do linen look, heavier velvets, but as faded colors are now considered more artistic than bright colors this does not prevent them from being used to upholster entire libraries and sitting suites in both city and country houses.

A Boy Once Himself.

From the Western School Journal.

The principal of a village school in Kansas one afternoon detected a boy cutting the letters of his name in the desk in front of him. As the boy could not get the corners pushed to the spot, angrily put forth his hand intending to grasp the boy by the collar, when lo, and behold, close by the newly formed letters were the initials of the boy's father, and the boy, written by himself when he was a pupil in the same school.

Upon grasping the boy's collar loosened itself, and he returned to his desk a sadder and a wiser teacher, that principal's today judge the boy's report of one of the greatest crimes of the world. We often wonder of justice the world administration of justice, he judge ever thinks of the incident in the village school.

German Bureaucracy.

From the London Globe.

A good story is going the rounds of the French newspapers illustrating the brutality of bureaucratic government in Germany. We are told that in the Post Office Department, if a clerk wishes a new pencil, he has to hand in the stump of the one that has been used. In the particular instance cited a clerk received his new pencil without returning the end of the old one. The clerk was ordered to return the stump of the old pencil, and the clerk was transferred to another office, but he had no time to do so, for the old pencil had been used in the office of the new one, and he had to return it to the old office. The clerk was ordered to return the stump of the old pencil, and the clerk was transferred to another office, but he had no time to do so, for the old pencil had been used in the office of the new one, and he had to return it to the old office.

Racehorses Scarce.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Frank Taylor, the financier and breeder of fast horses, has returned from a trip through Kentucky, where he went about a month ago to gather recruits for the stable of H. H. Hall at Lexington.

"If any man has a notion that good racehorses are easy to get this winter he should go to the blue grass region and attempt to make a few desirable purchases," Mr. Taylor says.

Kentucky, practically a land of horses, only a few stablemen are wintering at Lexington and Lexington, and none at all at Lexington. The few that were wintering at Lexington are now at Lexington, and the few that were at Lexington are now at Lexington. The few that were at Lexington are now at Lexington, and the few that were at Lexington are now at Lexington.

## BOTH THE QUEDAGHS GOT LOST

## SHE IN AN APARTMENT HOUSE, HE IN A SANDWICH SIGN.

They Went to View a Possible New Home in Hither Flatbush—Mrs. Quedagh Found It a Labyrinth—Mr. Quedagh Rescued by Detectives Work.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Quedagh were lost yesterday in Hither Flatbush. Mrs. Quedagh, who was last in the Hesperide apartment house, whether she came, saw and was conquered, found her own way out and then communicated to the police enough clues to enable them to find her husband.

The Quedaghs have been living in Brooklyn, but since Mrs. Quedagh lost her maid servant and was unable to get another their domestic peace and happiness have suffered, according to an affidavit made by Mr. Quedagh after he was rescued. Mrs. Quedagh says that she was the loss of her maid servant she was obliged to brooding the Commandment of cooking her neighbors. Mr. Quedagh, she says, broke the dishes, but he was not Quedagh denies this.

Mrs. Quedagh the Quedaghs walked from Brooklyn to Hither Flatbush yesterday evening a distance of a later this time and a half. The route they took was considerably longer for Mr. Quedagh than for Mrs. Quedagh. Mrs. Quedagh passed by the stores at a speed of a mile in three hours. Both were among interesting diversions when they reached the Hesperide apartments. They went all through the ground floor, and then of which suited both of them. The Hesperide is equipped with elevators, stairs, escalators and a bamboo slide, the last intended primarily for children, as the half mile scenic railroad on the roof. The dumbwaiters are alongside the built in refrigerators. Mr. and Mrs. Quedagh took the elevators to the

eight or top floor, intending to look at the apartments as they walked down.

Mrs. Quedagh passed into a rose and gold room when there came a loud cry from her husband. She looked up in time to see him disappear down the bamboo slide. The agent for the apartments said that he would go down and get Mr. Quedagh, and rushing into the elevator dropped out of sight too. Mrs. Quedagh after a moment's alarm continued to wander through the rooms. She found a woman's smoking room done in rose paper and sat down to await the return of the men. She had smoked up a whole box of cigarettes before she got frightened. She ran to what she thought was the hall but couldn't find the elevator shaft, whereupon she screamed.

The agent who had gone down after Mr. Quedagh had not found him. The bamboo slide ended in a private back yard, for each suite had its own back yard on a level below the back yards being tenanted and fenced from each other. The back yards and agent found himself on the fence that showed a man had climbed over.

The agent climbed over into a lower back yard and getting where Mr. Quedagh had scaled the fence of that, went up and over too. He climbed over into seven yards, each lower than the one before, and then came to the conclusion that Mr. Quedagh had wanted to escape. So he rested and planned about him.

He was in the lowest level of the yards and therefore so far under the apartment house that, came his neck as he would, he could not see the floors above him. He remedied this by climbing out a few yards. Then he saw he was on a level with the third floor.

The yards were all three floors below the apartments to which they belonged. With a sigh of relief the agent took the escalator from the yard to a suite of rooms on the sixth floor. He had left Mrs. Quedagh on the top floor. The

elevator was where he had left it, in the basement, so he walked up two flights. He went through every set of rooms on the top floor, but didn't find Mrs. Quedagh. In an access of alarm he shouted at the very instant Mrs. Quedagh screamed.

More time was wasted by this coincidence, for each thought the other an echo. After an interval they entered into a conversation at the top of their lungs. Mrs. Quedagh told the agent of the rice papered smoking room, but he could not remember where it was. Her voice seemed to come from below. Then he recalled that some of the rooms on the top floor rose and fell if you touched a spring on the door knob. As the whole room glided up or down at a rate of a foot in two minutes the thing was imperceptible, as it was intended to be.

The falling rooms were no idle expensive whim. Yet could this with the family below you, but the chief object was the extra room formed when the falling room was down stairs. When the falling room was up this extra room was lodged on the sub roof level.

It was evident that Mrs. Quedagh had touched the hidden spring and was now on the seventh floor. The agent shouted to her to sit perfectly still till he could get there. He raced downstairs, but Mrs. Quedagh, disobeying him, had fumbled with the door knob and had started up again.

The agent in despair sat down to figure. The room travelled a foot in two minutes. It had fifteen feet to travel, and it would therefore be half an hour before he could get Mrs. Quedagh out. He tried to explain all this to Mrs. Quedagh but got no answer. Finding the door locked he looked automatically when the room was moving, she had taken to the bamboo slide. Accordingly the next thing the agent heard was a series of cries from the backyards.

He ran down and let them in, for he feared them more than Mrs. Quedagh, and they would undoubtedly protect him when he met that lady face to face.

The police took so long to comprehend the latest part of what had happened that the agent finally gave up in despair. He accompanied them down to the backyards. There, guided by Mrs. Quedagh's expressed opinion of them, they climbed over fences until they found her. She was in the third second yard. The agent introduced her and the police to the escalator, which took them to the fifth floor from which they walked down.

Now came up the subject of Mr. Quedagh. Mrs. Quedagh had formed an opinion as to the probable cause of his disappearance. It was that he wanted to abandon her and seeing a peculiarly opportune time to do it had seized the chance.

The police made no comment on this, but contented themselves with a hurried trip into Mr. Quedagh's room, and finding they found her. She was in the third second yard. The agent introduced her and the police to the escalator, which took them to the fifth floor from which they walked down.

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